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LOTS OF FUN!
—
BEADLE'S
DIME
Book of Fun,
Illustrated,

AND
No. 6, No. 6,
BEADLE'S
DIME
Song Book,
No. 6,
NOW READY.

DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING.

There is a DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING DEPARTMENT attached to the VANITY FAIR Establishment, for the execution of Job Work. For advertisement containing particulars, see another column.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editors of VANITY FAIR desire to call particular attention to the fact that they do not undertake to return rejected contributions. Therefore, those sending other than ephemeral productions will do well to preserve a copy.

ARCHITECTS' AND MECHANICS' JOURNAL. NEW VOL. ENLARGED SIZE. Edited by practical men, and Illustrated. Weekly. $2 a year The most Valuable paper of its kind ever published Publisher, A. HARTHILL, 128 Fulton-st., N. Y. To be had of all News Agents.

VOL. 1. NO. 15.

VANITY FAIR

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

PRICE, THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.

FRANK J. THOMPSON, Publisher,
No. 113 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

THE PUBLISHER of Vanity Fair would announce to the Public in general that he has now in preparation a DOUBLE-PAGED CARTOON symbolical of the approaching

GREAT PRIZE FIGHT.

This SPLENDID ENGRAVING will be published in a forthcoming number of Vanity Fair. Newsmen send in their orders immediately, so that they may be in season.

PROGRESS VS. OLD FOGEYISM.

KATE (*who has called to see her friend Bridget*).—What, Bridget! not done washing yet? Why, I'd give any house the discharge that didn't buy a Cataract Machine. I wouldn't rub my hands to pieces for any woman. We've got one at our house, and I finished up the month's washing three hours ago.

BRIDGET.—I wish the missus would buy one of them things, for I'm nearly dead with this hard work.

Kate was right, for THE CATARACT WASHING MACHINE does its work quickly and easily, without wear and tear of clothes by rubbing. Price $12 00, $14 00, and $16 00. State and County Rights for Sale. Agents wanted. A Machine is in operation at our Salesroom, 439 Broadway, Second Floor.

SULLIVAN AND HYATT,
Agents of the Patentee, 54 Beekman-street, New-York.

WHARTON'S CELEBRATED

CHESNUT GROVE
WHISKEY
J. R. S.

IT IS DISTILLED FROM THE BEST RYE AND MALT. and every Chemical test has demonstrated it to be perfectly pure. The Poisonous Element called "FUSIL OIL," which appertains to Brandy, Gin, and all other Alcohols, is entirely extracted by a process of distillation discovered and known only to the distiller; therefore it is the only stimulant perfectly inoxious. It becomes so thoroughly purified by the above process, and the flavor is thereby rendered so delicate and different from any other Whiskey, that a Diploma was awarded to the distiller by the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society in 1859, for its perfectness.

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BOSTON, *March 7th*, 1859.

I have made a chemical analysis of commercial sample of CHESNUT GROVE WHISKEY, which proves to be free from the heavy Fusil Oils, and perfectly pure and unadulterated. The fine flavor of this whiskey is derived from the Grain used in manufacturing it.

Respectfully,
A. A. HAYES, M.D.,
State Assayer,
No. 16 BOYLSTON STREET.

Sale to Suit Purchasers.

John R. Surbrug, Sole Agent. No. 81 Cedar Street, New-York.

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W. H. WOODCOCK,
Advertising Agent for VANITY FAIR.

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OR
THE LADIES' JEWEL.

AA
NEW
A Toilet
NEW Discov-
THING ery; Soft
FRENCH TALLOW
FRENCH TALLOW, for
Beautifying the hair, hair.
For beautifying the hair.
Yes, for beautify- OH! Try it!
ing, Curling, Dressing, Softening,
Smoothing, Glossing, Laying and Set
ting the Hair. MRS. SCIPLE'S SOF
FRENCH TALLOW! FRENCH TALLO
MRS. SCIPLE'S SOFT FRENCH TALLO
Imparts a Silky Gloss and Softness.
also at the same time a Stiffness. As
dress the Hair, so it remains. Try it! t it.
MRS. SCIPLE'S SOFT FRENCH TALL
TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT!
is the beau ideal of the Toilet. A p ect
Gem. A perfect Gem. A perfect Gem. er-
fect Gem. For Ladies' and Children' se.
428 BROADWAY. (Depot.) 428 BROAD AY.
The Ne Plus Ultra of the day. For the l ty,
Fashion and Respectability. The Ne Plus U of
the day. Delicious. Delightful. Elegant. y it.
Beautiful. Beautiful. Beautiful. Beauti l. A
New Toilet Discovery; Sciple's Soft French illow.
SCIPLE'S SOFT FRENCH TALLOW. DEP , 428
BROADWAY, NEAR CANAL STREET, NEW ORK.
It should be in every Family. It should be very
Family. It is the best preparation for Hair
FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR FOR TH HAIR
FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR FOR TH HAIR
FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR FOR TH HAIR
Try it. Try it, Try it. Try it. Try it. Try it Try it
and then judge. Try it and then judge. Try it.
Keeps the Hair in position. It keeps the h soft,
Smooth, Glossy, and in its place and pos n the
whole day long; it don't dry up, like oils. NEW
It should be in every Family. Elegant DISCO
Beautiful. It should be in every Family. VER
It should be in every Family. Delightful Y!
The best preparation in the world. Try it. y
For Glossy Curls and Luxuriant Hair.
It is the best preparation in the world
A NEW For the Hair. For the hair.
DISCO For the Hair. For the Hair.
VER For the Hair. For the Hair.
Y! SOFT FRENCH TALLOW.
y SOFT FRENCH TALLOW.
FRENCH TALLOW!!
FOR THE HAIR!
FOR THE HAIR!
FOR THE HAIR!
Mrs. ISABEL SCIPLE,
Depot, 428 Broadway,
Near Canal-street, N. Y.
Retail price, 50 cents a box.
For sale by first-class houses,
Everywhere! Everywhere!
Beautiful. Beautiful.
Elegant. Elegant.
Very! Very.

The Great Hair-dresser.
The Great Hair-dresser.
The Great Hair-dresser.
Office 428 Broadway,
A few doors above Canal-street.

THE IGNORANCE OF THOSE FOREIGNERS!

NEWLY ARRIVED ENGLISHMAN (to Barkeeper)—I say, my friend, give me two Mint Juleps, *'ot*, will you?

A MIRTHFUL MOVING OF THE SOUTHERN "BOWLS."

We have before had occasion to rebuke a growing tendency of the heavy papers to hilarity. With the witticisms of the *Herald* we summon sufficient fortitude to be patient, knowing that they are only the harmless indications of second childhood, and that the end is not far distant. But that the *Century*, the Philadelphia *Gazette*, the *Courier and Enquirer*, and other journals of the blanket pattern and commercial persuasion, which have not yet attained that toothless and tottering state over which charity gladly throws its sheltering veil—that these organs of innate gravity, of the solemn interests of commerce, of strict social propriety, should indulge in reckless sportiveness, bring all their resources to bear upon good things, distend their enormous typographical jaws and deliberately flash frolicsome teeth, is one of the most touching indications of the flippant spirit of the age; and it is from no jealous or selfish motive, but only from a sincere desire for their own best interests, that we esteem it our duty ceaselessly to remonstrate with these giddy gray-haired jesters.

And now fresh fuel is added to the blazing pile of our sober apprehension and dismay, by a most wanton freak of unsanctified humor on the part of the *Commercial Bulletin*, a monster at large in New Orleans, where it daily makes its appearance, devouring acres of advertisements, and overwhelming the entire reading population with statistics. Stretching far away into one of the dim vistas of its columns, we encounter, in the issue of the 15th ult., an article bearing the uninviting caption of "A New Missionary Society Wanted." Entering upon it, in a properly subdued and cheerless frame of mind, it is not long before—indeed it is in the very first paragraph—we detect a design upon our sobriety. The proposed Missionary Society, we find, is to "scatter information among "our benighted Northern fellow-citizens concerning the South, and "to expound to them the gospel of common facts and common "sense touching those facts, of both of which they are manifestly, "to a most lamentable extent, profoundly ignorant."

To this benign end "we shall want a tract society and a board "of publication," and we must also "rely upon tracts and little "books, and especially upon a widely disseminated press, to reach "the homes and hearts of our poor, hard-hearted and benighted "fellow-creatures north of Mason and Dixon's line." "Our bowls "of compassion should yearn towards them." We are in duty "bound to go to their rescue, lest they sink down ere long into the "abyss of cold, unmitigated, unbelieving, unreasonable, uncon- "scionable, unnatural and unsanctified abolitionism with all of its "attendant horrors of cursing, atheism, agrarianism, treason, all- "uncharitableness, hatred, vengeance, free-love, free-vice and free- "misery."

However comforting the reflection may be, as we feel ourselves gradually sinking into this hard place to say, that the bowls without any *e* of the South are yearning towards us, and however gratifying may be these avowals of Christian sympathy from a section of the country so flushed with health and happiness, and so richly endowed with all the means of a genial beneficence, we are constrained to protest against the tone of heartless levity which characterizes this appeal to the charity of the people.

Would the Dahomies like to be appealed in behalf of in this rollicking way? Would the Fiji Islanders be melted in their savage bosoms and touched in their tenderest chords by an address to the benevolent, couched in such bantering terms as these? Would not the distressful inhabitants of that early blighted region Booriboola Gha put their wasted fingers to their poor distorted noses and look knowing, if they should see such a cry to the mighty for *them?* And are we no better than these unfortunate victims of impracticable quilts and missionaries? Are our Northern perceptions so obtuse that we cannot detect the insincerity of the South? Are we to be deceived by this mock earnestness?

And all this is the effect of that alarming disposition to be amusing which prevails among our contemporaries. If the malady has been brought into the market by VANITY FAIR, no words can express our contrition. But it is *not* our fault. We really cannot help being funny. But our 60x80 exchanges can. They sometimes do.

An Humble Offering at the Shrine of the Hon: Mr Blake, M.C. from Ohio,—and Philanthropists in general.

TO VANITY FAIR.

Respected Organ: With what emotions of high-souled delight I hailed the beneficent Preamble and Resolution of the Hon. Mr. Blake, M.C. from Ohio, scattering the blessed light of Liberty with meteoric speed and irresistibility over the earth! "When that Resolution shall have "received the Congressional Fiat," said I (as it inevitably must), "behold! the shackles will fall from the felon, and the chains from the bondsman! The dungeon will give up its captive, and the cell its prisoner! Mankind will don the garments of rejoicing, and the Nation will lift up their voice in one mighty Pæan to the American Eagle, and the godlike Blake!" In the enthusiasm of the moment I determined to simulate the glorious example of the hero of Ohio, and, seizing a sheet of foolscap, I traced with the pen of inspiration another "Preamble and Resolution," which, though perhaps more humble, and possibly of less immediate fulfilment, I hoped to submit to the august body at Washington through the medium of the same practical Samaritan who had just poured such infallible healing oil into the wounds of slavery. But, alas! alas! ere the ink was dry upon the page, I learned that the "House," with a besotted bigotry and blind superstition worthy of the days of Christopher Columbus and Las Casas, had rejected their fellow member's inevitable Panacea for enslaved humanity, and left the world in the same pitiable state in which it was half an hour before.

Yet I cannot consent to deprive my fellow-beings even of the feeble ray of philanthropy that Mr. Blake's example has engendered within me; and comparatively simple and immaterial as my Proposition may be when viewed from a Blakeian standpoint, I am still emboldened to ask your offices in giving it to the public.

I therefore annex it without further comment, viz:

PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTION.

Whereas, the paganism and idolatry of the hundreds of millions of inhabitants of Asia and Africa are contrary to Natural Christianity, and the fundamental principles of civilization; and whereas, the immodest or uncouth costume of these heathens is notoriously a reproach to enlightened taste throughout the world, and a serious hindrance to the progress of international commerce with these nations; Therefore,

Resolved, That the Committee on Foreign Affairs be, and the same hereby is instructed to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill giving instant christianity to every human pagan, and interdicting them from purchasing, manufacturing or wearing any other garments than those so elegantly gotten up at the Nonpareil Emporium of Slopshop Puffstuff and Co., Gammonville, U. S. A.

Is there a hope for me in the House, dear V. F.?

Despondently yours,

E. VAN JELLICK, P.P.

Gammonville, Penn., March 27th, 1860.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Anonymous Animal.

THE attention of naturalists has long been directed to a certain Creature whose character, rather than whose form, has been found so hideous and abhorrent that no person has dared to classify It. Possessing the outward appearance of humanity, and, to a limited extent associating with the human race, It yet gives evidence of a nature so utterly at variance with that of mankind in general, that the belief has begun to follow the hope that It is a being distinct from the descendants of Adam, and, possibly, the first of Its order that has walked the earth. Some, in contemplating Its career, have wondered if the fable of Frankenstein may not have found its realization in nature. And all persons, finding years of constant scrutiny unavailing, turn baffled from Its study, able only to ask with horror and disgust, as of the distorted nondescript of Barnum,—"What is It?"

The fact that It enjoys the form and functions of man, proves little; for It has been many times demonstrated to be destitute of a Soul. It has the gift of speech, which It knows only to abuse; but Its knowledge in this respect is limited. There are words the meaning of which It is wholly ignorant of,—such as Morality, Integrity, Truth, Honor, Decency. On the other hand, Its intimate acquaintance with other words—as Villainy, Falsehood, Cowardice, and the like—is proverbial.

Its character is most extraordinary. It is notorious for ferocity, yet this quality is partially concealed under a Mephistophelian mask of cunning and deceit. Its tenacity is well known. It has frequently hunted Its victims for years, and sent them to their graves with the foul marks of Its abuse upon them. And yet, on some occasions, It has been servile, even to sycophancy. When prospects of great rewards have been held out to It, It has fawned and humbled Itself. When these have been withdrawn, It has turned, with the rage of the Hyena, to rend Its enemy.

This creature is supposed to be of Scotch origin. Its chosen haunt is at the corner of Fulton and Nassau streets, New-York, so that physically, as well as intellectually, It revels in mud. Its food for many years was a curious substance known as Black Mail. At present It preys promiscuously upon Religion, Virtue, and all the qualities which men revere and honor. At times, however, It has been known to eat dirt with voracity.

It is not expected that It will ever cease to be the scorn and mockery of all just men. It will probably remain through life, as ever, a monstrous mystery to the moralist as well as to the naturalist.

There is but one living thing which responds to this description. Need we pronounce the name by which it has chosen to designate itself among men?

A Merciful Provision of Nature.

We do not read the following paragraph without a smacking of the lips:

"The young ladies of one of the villages in Jefferson County have adopted a novel method of raising funds for charitable and religious purposes. At a late festival, a bevy of the prettiest girls in the room formed a line, and, for a price paid down, permitted the gentlemen to take a running kiss of the lot."

But we cannot understand how the cause of true religion can be advanced by such mere Lip-Service as this. Perhaps the young ladies remembered the good scriptural maxim, "Out of the abundance of the heart *the mouth* speaketh."

PHŒNIX BARNUM!

I.

Barnum is up again! In spite of Fate
And all her crosses,
Once more he soars, determined and elate,
Above his losses!
Once more the Museum is his, and there
All those who visit
May gaze on Barnum, and the grizzly bear,
And the What Is It?

II.

O! Ancient Humbug, once more made at home
And in thy station,
Take warning by the fate of thy Jerome
Clock speculation!
To cook thy broth, P. T., an honest flame
Now shouldst thou kindle,
And learn that Clever Man 's a better name
Than Clever Swindle!

III.

Too much of shrewdness is a grievous sin—
Accept the omen—
Thou hast a fair start now; go in and win,
O, Prince of Showmen!
Be honest—it is time for thee to turn
A new leaf over—
Thou shalt have all for which thy heart doth yearn,
And live in clover!

IV.

Abjure thy Fiji mermaids, woolly nags,
And such sham wonders;
Abjure thy sleek and self-complacent brags,
Thy buttered thunders!
A kindlier estimate of other men
Thy heart should nourish—
And so, farewell; till thou art sharp again,
Well may'st thou flourish!

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

The Family Herald, for circulation by the domestic fireside, contains its usual rich and varied supply of news, of an order to advance and improve the mind of youth, to enlighten manhood, and to comfort old age. The Family Herald is nothing if not true to its name. The Family Herald in its edition of Wednesday, March 28th, contains—

A Detailed and Glowing Account of the recent Horrible and Sickening Murders in the Bay. Eminently Suited for Family Perusal.

The Minutest and Most Offensive Particulars of the Evidence in the St. Louis Breach of Promise Case. A Choice Family Bit.

Progress of the Approaching Brutal Match between the Champions; with Ferocious and Bloody Observations, Natural to the Occasion. Peculiarly adapted to the Uses of Families.

The Family Herald regrets that the remaining contents for the edition of March 28th are of the ordinary tranquil character, although all spiced as highly as circumstances will allow, to add to their piquancy and flavor. The Family Herald hopes, however, that by another week a sufficient number of Crimes, Indecent Trials, Misdemeanors, and Public Outrages will have occurred to bring it again to its Customary Standard.

It

An Important Discovery.

The Solons of the Legislature having established the fact that the city of New York can be best governed at Albany, our efficient mayor has discovered that the best way to discharge his duties is to make a pilgrimage to Connecticut. Perhaps, however, he may think that the wooden nutmegs in that delectable State are of such inferior character that it is necessary to take his own down there to furnish them with a Grater.

I e Dooden Doo!

"The latest accounts from England say that Queen Victoria is "very well, 'and has taken to hoops.'"

Is little Vic a plagiarist from the lovely Eugenie? Is was a bright idea of that blessed creature, but really the Queen of England has been a mother too often——

THE ÆSTHETICS OF JOURNALISM.

N the Baltimore *Patriot* they have a gentleman to do the amusements —[To the Public.—Ladies and Gentlemen this is a technical expression, alluding not so much to the little private diversions of the public journal, as to a certain department devoted to the maintenance of a corresponding advertising column. It is very well understood by the craft, but how should you be expected to know anything about it?]—who may serve as a shining example for all who do those things about a newspaper office. And at the risk, of incurring two or three columns of melancholy lightsomeness from his popular pen, we venture to commend this liveliest of all the "crickets" to the attention of the merry, merry chirper of the *Herald*. We are the more moved to this step by the evident fact that the Baltimore insect has educated himself carefully in the school founded by that obscure daily,—if, indeed, he does not belong to the very same brood. We trust that no emotions of jealousy or bitter hate will swell to busting the bosom of the *Herald's* man when he reads that it was all Little Patti that inspired the congenial cricket of Baltimore. That sweet child's name, indeed, thrice repeated, and immediately followed by one of the most emphatic exclamation points in the whole *Patriot* office, is the heading of the article in in which we find our joy, and which saluted the eyes of the Monumental public on the evening of the 27th ult.

When we read that "at one bound, last evening, she (Little "Patti) leaped from the plane of acknowledged excellence to the very "hill-top of her profession," little does it surprise us—how much less will it surprise the Master of Arts of the *Herald*, to learn that we give up, or that, in the very next paragraph, "we say we give in." "Why, her mad scene never has been, never can be surpassed. Its "ground tone is truthful to the last degree. We had not supposed "it was in her." We are sorry to be obliged by the mere dictates of humanity to oppose this encouragement of a "ground tone" in Miss Patti; and now that we know "it is in her," our simplest duty is to plead for its removal. For it cannot be a pleasant thing to have a ground tone in one, and we can readily conceive that having a ground tone in one it would be next to imposible not to have a "mad scene," and very probably an unsurpassable mad scene. The *Herald* will detect the softness of the soap applied to its pet in the inquiry, "What could be more striking than her listening attitude, "while leaning her *beautiful head* upon the bosom of her father, just "previous to the coming of her lover, with a rival?" and will doubtless resent it by calling the writer "a drunken editor, who "tumbles about, breaking his shins between the big dictionaries, and "knocking his head against the King's English, and finally goes off "into a gentle snooze while pursuing the slippery logical sequence, "which eludes his grasp with the agility of Mr Toodles' hat," which "would be as elegant a witticism as a good common person could want.

Does the *Herald* man distinctly remember "her rendering of the "marriage song"?—because the Patriot wants to know "who will "ever forget it?" and says, "not we, that's certain." And we think, in view of the touching plaint of the *Herald* at a recent rumor (which, of course, was immediately discovered to be false) that little Pic had "rendered her marriage song," we may say the same for the Nassau and Fulton corner.

"The most remarkable thing about her vocalism, is the entire "absence of offort. The notes seem to be part of herself, and they "must be, or she would hesitate somewhere." We ask the *Herald* where she carries them. Come now, a distinct chirp on this point! Where does the Pet carry her notes? "She said to a young friend "the other day, that she would far prefer rolling a hoop, in a "troop of hoydenish girls of her own age, than rolling notes on "the stage. Dear girl—it is this very unconsciousness of her "power that gives her such power over her hearers." She must carry them in her pocket,—pretty lyrical marbles, as it were;—although this theory is a trifle shaken by the knowledge that "round "notes" are generally ascribed to barytones. Indeed the Patriot just a few lines below avers that Susini "rolled out his rich round "tones with great fervor." Perhaps they got up a nice little game, and if they did, of course the Patriot bet on Patti's white alley.

"But what of Brignoli? Of Brignoli?" Why nothing less than this, that "His silvery voice will surely grow upon the ear." When, of course, he will no longer exercise that dangerous fascination over all the young ladies which the men in pain have been obliged hitherto to ascribe to him. For who could be at all engaging in appearance with "a silvery voice growing upon the ear"? Or, still more troubulous thought, is it meant that Mr. Brignoli's silvery voice will grow upon the listener's ear?

If all of us were as devoted to the Opera as the Patriot is, each season would be one round of ovations. For, "we hold, that what "is inexpedient in Lent, is inexpedient out of Lent; and hence, we "feel that we honor the Giver of all Good Gifts, in listening to "such divine music as the Ullmann and the Strakosch troupe are "nightly giving us, because such gifts as the voices of this troupe are "are not to be picked up in the highways on all occasions." Will Ullmann take the hint, and hereafter, at the head of his column manifestos, put

HONOR THE GIVER OF ALL
GOOD GIFTS!
HONOR THE GIVER OF ALL GOOD GIFTS!

But all this is chiefly valuable for that it gives cheering evidence that the lessons which have been so faithfully given by the arbiter of all the arts, the *Herald*, in the art of delicate and appreciative criticism, have not been neglected, and that, in the very sections of the country where it might be expected that slow provincial taste would prevail, there is rampant a spirit of the most stunning "artis- "tic and journalistic" sort. And the voice of the cricket is heard in the land.

HERALDIC SUMMERSAULTS.

For a long time, the Noble Scotch Gentleman who presides over the wayward destinies of the New-York *Herald*, has kept an ominous silence on his once favorite topic, the brilliancy and loveliness of character displayed by James Buchanan, President of the United States of America. But last week, the Noble Scotch Gentleman, like certain animals mentioned in Holy Writ, returned to his unwholesome exercises, and gave J. B. a worse soaping than he has had since that memorable day, the 2d of February, when the Noble Scotch Gentleman declared his sentiments so unctuously. Let us resound the mellifluous praises of that day once more in J. B.'s ears, for he will hear but little more of the same sort:

"The man for Charleston is Mr. Buchanan. His administration has been so firmly and wisely conducted as to win the applause of the whole country. The conservative Union men of the great Central States will demand a man whose election will allay the foolish slavery agitation, restore confidence between the North and the South, insure the permanence of our institutions, and promote the material prosperity of the republic. Mr. Buchanan is the man. He will call out the full strength of his own party and the independent reserve vote. Mr. Buchanan then, should receive the Charleston nomination by all means."

Then came silence on the subject, but a portentous silence, that foretold a storm. The renewed plastering that the Noble Scotch Gentleman accorded J. B. on Saturday last, was but a gilding for the bitter, bitter pill to come. The article read well and smoothly until the end, when the sting became painfully apparent. The Noble Scotch Gentleman praised J. B.'s irate message to the House of Representatives, and called it "one of the boldest, most manly and "straightforward State papers in the archives of the republic." He said that J. B. would be reëlected, if the people did not look sharp,—a calamity which the *Herald* secretly wishes to avert,—and many more sweet things.

Then, after the article had dragged its slow length along, through something more than a column, came this sting in the tail:

"We are aware that Mr. Buchanan absolutely declines to be a candidate at Charleston, under any circumstances whatsoever; but still the sense of the country might be taken in this manner, and Mr. Buchanan, when elected, if he did not see fit to serve, might let the duties of the office devolve upon the Vice President."

! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

This, then, is what we are coming to. The Noble Scotch Gentleman is about to drop—perhaps to attack—J. B., and, in the tenderness of his mercy, desires to let the old gentleman down easy. J. B. "absolutely declines to be a candidate," does he? Is n't it quite as likely that he would be remarkably glad to get a chance? But the Noble Scotch Gentleman assumes it as a fact, and spares J. B.'s feelings by laying the whole blame upon his own distinguished shoulders.

And if J. B. *should* be reëlected, spite of his absolute refusal, the Noble Scotch Gentleman suggests, with a refinement of cruelty, that he had better let the Vice do all the work. This is a gratuitous insult. It is equivalent to asserting that J. B. is getting senile, that he has made a mull of his present administration, and, if he *must* be inflicted upon us again, that it should be drawn as mildly as possible. Your grandeur is on the wane, J. B. The *Herald* is a broken reed for you. Don't you lean upon it any more. Weep, weep, and abjure all hope, as you peruse, in sorrow and sackcloth, those graceful sentences uttered by James Gordon's tuneful tongue on the 2d of February!

Pellucid as Mud.

We wonder if the Schoolmaster who has been so long "abroad" ever thinks of coming back? We feel that he owes it to his country to do so, for no one but he can, we are confident, explain the synthetical whatsisname of the following paragraph, which we copy *verbatim* from the columns of an afternoon contemporary published in Philadelphia (a town about eight miles from Manayunk). It is all about a mad dog. . . . . "He then made a "plunge at the children of Mr. T., who fortunately got inside of the "door, but being between *Mr. T.* and the *door*, the *latter* was unable to "escape, and was bitten in the above manner." . . . Now, if the Schoolmaster were at home, instead of galivanting around foreign courts, he might perhaps tell us, whether it was *Mr. T.* or his *children* who got *inside* the *door*, and who was *between* the *door* and *Mr. T.*, and if it was the *door* that could not escape, and so was bitten, or if the *door* bit *Mr. T.* or the *dog*, or, as Fuddle would say, "W'a's orl "'ou', ary 'ow?" We would advise that paragraphist to try the water-cure. He was "touched" by that hydrophobic phantasm, we feel.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF BROADWAY.

The long and narrow lane that extends from South Ferry to the rural districts, familiarly known as "Our Principal Thoroughfare," the "Corso of New-York," "Broadway," the "Street of Palaces," the "Finest Street in the World," etc., has exhibited, recently, some of the most extraordinary, if not the most beautiful varieties of architecture, that can be conceived of.

Perhaps the finest of these outward expressions of the architectural soul, is a building near the corner of Almost-any street. It is not exactly of the Egyptian order, though somewhat resembling that style in outline. It is built of brick of a fine roseate hue, and curiously enough, no mortar or cement has been used in its construction. For solidity and strength, however, it cannot be excelled. To use a vulgar phrase, no other structure on Broadway can Take it Down, although the hod-carriers may, in time. The proprietors of this splendid building have caused their banners to be hung upon the outer walls, said banners being generously furnished by the theatrical and journalistic establishments of the metropolis. Our artist has been very happy in his sketch, which gives a capital idea of the—the—thing.

The student of architecture will be especially pleased with the culinary and zoological ornaments introduced at the summit. During the recent cold snap, the feline caratyd formed a very fine Frieze.

Not far from this building is another, quite different, but not less beautiful. It is of the composite order, and strikes all beholders especially after dark. It is impossible to describe it properly, but the subjoined sketch is correct in all particulars.

To view this building right, it is necessary that the beholder should have a beam in his eye—several beams, in fact—which may easily be accomplished by a near and incautious approach to its outworks.

If "Our Principal Thoroughfare," the ornaments of which are Thoroughly Unfair, goes on improving at the rate it has exhibited of late years, we may hope ultimately to see something like this—

IN RE BARTLETT.

That peculiar sheet, the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, thinks it is a great pity about William A. Bartlett, Non-Lieutenant, U.S.N., Father of La Doña Oviedo, etc., etc.

So do we.

But the *Courrier* man's sympathy for Bartlett rests upon quite another foundation than ours. For while we lament the Non-Lieutenant's want of sense, the sapient Gaul afore mentioned, deplores the vexation of Bartlettian spirit which the notorious Diamond Wedding induced. The late silly demonstration of William A., all about a paragraph in the *Home Journal*, is the peg on which these condolences are deftly festooned. The *Courrier* says:

"Again the name of Mr. Bartlett is dragged before the public, and the history of the sumptuous marriage is served up for the fiftieth time. Ah! this is indeed paying too dear for the pleasure of marrying one's daughter to a millionaire."

These comments do not contribute largely to the support of that reputation for acuteness which the French intellect has acquired. Can it be that the writer of the above extract is so blind that he does not see the Bartlettian itch for notoriety so manifest throughout all this affair? Does the *Courrier* imagine that W. A. Bartlett, Non-Lieut., U.S.N., F.Q.L.D.O., ever had any other idea in this blustering business than to put himself before the public, and get into the newspapers again? How else can it explain his touchiness at this late date, upon the subject of the Oviedo nuptials? There was surely satire enough expended upon that affair, by the press, in the time of it, to have aroused all the belligerent propensities of the valorous Bartlett. We distinctly recall to mind a poem on the affair, which appeared in the *Tribune*, and which we thought rather sharp than otherwise. But Mr. Stedman, like the immortal Webster, ain't dead yet by no means. Is the paragraph for which the gifted Morris is called to account, more likely to drive slumber from the pillow of William A., than those that have gone before it? No; but between last Autumn and this Spring there is this difference—that then Mr. Bartlett's mania for publicity was humored to the utmost, whereas now the occurrence which lifted him from the insignificance of private life to a notoriety which nobody can covet, has passed clean out of the public mind. So the valorous William lays his plans for an Irrepressible Conflict with Newspaperdom. For the pop! of the champagne-corks of last October he wishes to substitute a pop at an inoffensive editor, and would, if he could, have the Diamond Wedding cake all dough again.

But just now the public are deeply interested in the WHAT IS IT? and don't seem to care for Bartlett. Which makes it very bad for Bartlett. So bad that there is not much danger of his success, even if he should try it again—and keep on trying.

Do you see "the little game" now, Monsieur *le Courrier?*

A Little Slip.

We feel called upon to correct an evident error in the report of Mr. Boucicault's speech before the curtain on Thursday evening last. According to the *Tribune*, Mr. B. said: "I don't believe for the next "three months you could get an idea out of me with a derrick." This should read: "I don't believe you could get me to get an idea "out of anybody else," etc.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

In general we like hanging.

Therefore we have no sympathy with the framers of the bill for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, lately brought before the Legislature at Albany.

Imprisonment for life is a good thing to talk about, but they don't do it. The men who are most likely to commit murder are those who cannot be kept in prison. They control the elections, and no man who wants to be reëlected to the gubernatorial chair dares refuse a petition for the pardon of such a valuable assistant.

Suppose one of those clean-collared, shiny-hatted, fresh-gloved large-diamonded, fur-trimmed gentlemen who stand all day about the Corner of Houston-street and Broadway, with smiles upon their faces and bowie-knives down their backs, were to take it into his head to slay the first man who looked at him. Imprison him for life, and how long would he stay in durance more or less vile? Why, just until the next campaign!

As for the humanitarian pretexts, they are a little shaky. The framers of this bill are not so celebrated for their gushing love of their species, as for some other characteristics.

It is just possible that they have a good many friends among the election-managing boys, whose pistols are liable to go off when somebody is in the way,—and about election time, it would be so handy to have a batch of these brave fellows come down from Sing-Sing, with their pardons in their pockets, each ready to suppress his man, if required.

Hence this humanitarianism.

Life imprisonment would do very well for the provinces, where government is not administered by organized gangs of blood-thirsty rowdies, but for a metropolis like New-York, it will not do at all. Half the rule of the city is enforced with the slung-shot and revolver. Abolish the wholesome rope, and the other half will soon be enforced with the bludgeon and knife.

But Albany is very much determined to cram obnoxious bills down our metropolitan throat, this year. Albany is a small city, and jealous of New York, so, if she can fetter us with a gridiron of railroads, or let off our festive homicides scot-free, she will be well pleased. For Albany politicians to legislate our murderers off the scaffold into a cell, and for an Albany Governor to pardon them out, would be rather too much of a good thing. But Albany is the Capital of the State, and has the advantage, which she uses or—abuses—enormously. So crying an evil has this provincial tyranny over New York become, that we think it might well be made the subject of a bill, to be called like this obnoxious one, a bill for the abolition of Capital Punishment.

GREAT LOSS BY FIRE.

On Wednesday morning last, after this paper had gone to press, a fire broke out in the tenement house No. 90 West Forty-fifth-street, entirely destroying that valuable property, with a loss to its owners of $3,000. We sincerely condole with the heirs of the Allen estate upon this loss, as well as with the agents, Mr. Wm. T. Horn and William Nash, upon the diminution of their incomes consequent upon the burning. We trust that the latter gentleman will not allow the fact of his forgetfulness to put ladders communicating with the roof, at a cost of seventy-five cents each, to annoy him,—"Accidents must happen in the best-regulated families." He can, in dismissing this thought, feel that he has the sympathies of his fellow citizens. We, in common with all the rest, sincerely feel with the owners of the building in their severe loss, and with the agents for the trouble they have been put to.

P.S. We had almost forgotten to mention that there were ten lives lost in the burning.

Cetaceous.

It is now positively ascertained that the Benicia Boy has departed for England on a Whaling expedition.

THE HABITS OF GOOD SOCIETY.

No. I.—The Riding Habit.

"Etiquette" is a species of social "rash." It breaks out periodically on the surface of a certain order of society in the form of small volumes of "Rules," "Hints" "Usages," &c., of "High life." These eruptions are of a very mild and ephemeral type. They leave little or no impression on the system. Or if they do, it is chiefly on the system of the Rustic, and the system of the Counter-Jumper,—"and similar." We have just seen the latest case of this 'rash.' We saw it in the hands of a young lady who exercises a superintendence over the laundry department in the hotel wherein we sojourn. It is called "The Habits of Good Society." We examined it cursorily. It asserts itself with the usual positiveness, complacency, and clearness. We will give a specimen of its style—from memory. The specimen will not be a literal transcript—in fact, rather the contrary. But it will be quite as authentic, as lucid, and as important to the aspirant after theoretical gentility. We select from the chapter upon

"The Etiquette of Equitation."

When a gentleman is to accompany a lady on horseback:

1st. There must be two horses. (Pillions are out of fashion, except in some parts of Wales, Australia, and New-Jersey).

2d. One horse must have a side-saddle. The gentleman will not mount this horse. By bearing this in mind, he will soon find no difficulty in recognizing his own steed.

3d. The gentleman will assist the lady to mount, and adjust her foot in the stirrup. There being but one stirrup, he will learn upon which side to assist the lady, after very little practice.

4th. He will then mount himself. As there are two stirrups to this saddle, he may mount on either side. But by no means on both. At least, not at the same time. *The former is generally considered the most graceful method of mounting.* If he has known Mr. Rarey he may mount without the aid of stirrups. If not, he may try, but will probably fail. Should he wish to display a sportive eccentricity, he may climb up the animal's tail.

5th. The gentleman should always ride on the right side of the lady. According to some authorities, the right side is the left. According to others, the other is the right. If the gentleman be left-handed, this will of course, make a difference. Should he be ambi-dexter, it will be indifferent.

6th. If the gentleman and lady meet persons on the road, these will be probably strangers. That is, if they are not acquaintances. In either case, the lady and gentleman must govern themselves accordingly. *Perhaps the latter is the evidence of highest breeding.*

7th. If they be going in different directions, they will not be expected to ride in company. Nor must these request those to turn and join the others. And *vice versa.* This is indecorous and indicates a want of *savoir vivre.*

8th. If the gentleman's horse throw him, he must not expect him to pick him up. Nor the lady. But otherwise the lady may. This is important to be borne in mind by both.

9th. On their return, the gentlemen will dismount first and assist the lady from her horse. But he must not expect the same courtesy in return.

10th. There are three ways of dismounting a lady. First, with hand and knee. This is the way-respectful-and-ceremonious. Second, by receiving the lady in your arms. This is the way-gallant-and-tender. Third, by presenting your shoulders, and carrying the lady to the door or vestibule, "pick-a-back." This is the way-humorous-and-familiar.

N.B. These rules apply equally to every species of equitation; as poney-riding, donkey-riding, mule-riding, goat-riding, rocking-horse riding, or "riding on a rail." There will, of course, however, be modifications required, according to the form and style of the animal.

Exception.—There are special rules adapted to equitation on Shank's Mare. They will be found in the Appendix.

V. F. Gold-stick.

To be continued.

Impromptu.

Mr. Dion Boucicault, in his modest announcement of "The "Colleen Bawn" last week, stated that the play was prompted by Gerald Griffin, Esq. Though intelligence has not yet reached us of the resurrection of the famous Irish novelist, we should say that he would be rather a good Prompter to have in any theatre.

P.S. What does G. G. get a week?

Deadly-Lively.

Our Political Joker says that the Congressional body at Washington reminds him of Mr. Mantilini, in "Nicholas Nickleby;"—it is always trying to make "a dem'd unpleasant Body" of itself

"AH! YOUNG MAN, YOU 'VE GOT MY PLACE!"

Impending Self-Destruction of the Austrian Army.

By the last arrival of the steamship *Canada*, from Europe, we received the startling intelligence of the death by suicide of a large number of officers of the Austrian army. The *Canada's* news was sent by telegraph from Halifax, and under the department "Austria," the *Tribune* published the following:

General Erguttan had committed suicide.

The *Express* afforded the additional information that

General Eynatten had committed suicide.

Here were two Generals already disposed of. But when the provincial papers began to come in, it was found that many more had made away with themselves. The *Boston Advertiser* announced that—

General Equatten had committed suicide.

The *Providence Journal* furthermore stated that

General Erguatten had committed suicide.

And the *Philadelphia North American* added a new horror by proclaiming that

General Engattan had committed suicide.

This is a dreadful state of things. Five Austrian generals, it seems, have put an end to themselves just about the same time. And there can be no doubt that, as the country papers continue to arrive, the number will be still further swelled. At this rate the power of Austria will soon vanish, and in her army General Disorganization will take the place of all those Generals who may persist in kicking a voluntary bucket.

The Real No Nothing.

The Missouri Convention.

A VERY LEARNED SENATOR.

The *Tribune* publishes the following Senatorial anecdote:

Mr. Hale, in offering his resolution in regard to the capture of the Mexican vessel, said it was a resolution of "*in*quiry," placing the accent upon the first syllable, as is the habit of some Senators. Upon this, Mr. Sumner, who sits next to Mr. Hale, said, sufficiently loud for his friends to hear. "Please say '*in*quiry?'" emphasizing the second syllable, according to Webster. Mr. Hale, who was still on his feet, said, "*In*quiry I mean. I ask pardon of the Senate for saying in*quiry*?"

Since Mr. Sumner is so ready with his laws of pronunciation, we should be glad to hear from him, apropos to the above-recorded proceeding, the correct utterance of certain other important words, as, "courtesy," "delicacy." "good-breeding," "civility," "manners," and the like. It certainly is not a bad idea to have a competent censor of speech—as Mr. Sumner undoubtedly is—in the Senate, although it is a question whether gentlemen of less goodnature than Mr. Hale would accept this sort of public admonition. Perhaps Mr. Sumner might furnish, in general terms, a recipe for the avoidance of lingual improprieties. His own, which he is said to have perfected by long experience, is a very good one. It is to weigh with anxious care all that is to be spoken; to weigh each syllable; to gracefully adjust each accent, and to rehearse with grave deliberation, at least six times before delivery. It is true that this process the Senate would be immediately reduced to the dearest possible level of stupidity; but, on the other hand, the unspeakable calamity of a misplaced inflection, or an ill-balanced accent, would be forever averted, and Mr. Hale would be spared the mortification of open rebukes and the necessity for apologies.

Something we are waitlng for.

If Miss Laura Keene's Bill-Editor continues the extraordinarily obvious style of advertising he has adopted in the case of "The Colleen Bawn," we shall shortly expect a pendant to Miss Robertson's song of "The Pretty Girl Milking her Cow," in the shape of a

REAL COW

WITH

MILK OF THE PERIOD!!

Milk of the Period . . . . . Mr. Peters.

A Word to Mr. Mississippi Brown.

In the U. S. Senate, last week, a proposition was made to increase the pay of naval officers on duty at sea. Here is a fragment of the debate:

MR. WIGFALL (Dem., Texas) offered an amendment, giving an increase of pay to those naval officers on land, retained for scientific purposes at the head of bureaus.

MR. BROWN (Dem., Miss.) said he was opposed to giving it to these landlubbers. If they are to have any increase of pay, make separate cases for them. He did not believe in placing them on an equality with those who braved the perils and endured the rigors of service.

Now, Mr. Mississippi Brown, upon what meats have you been feeding recently, that you have grown so great? Because you receive large and undeserved sums from the national treasury for sitting a little while every day in your comfortable place, twirling your Senatorial thumbs, or, less harmlessly, filling the chamber with words of folly,—is that any reason you should undertake to sneer at men of science, and call them gross names? What do you think of Lieutenant Maury, Mr. Brown? He is a landlubber, is he not? And the various gentlemen of his class, whose names are honored in the records of science all over the world? All landlubbers, are they not? And they are to be degraded beneath those who "brave the perils and endure the rigors of the service." Well, now, Mr. Brown, can you guess how much greater those perils would be, and how much severer those rigors, without the inestimable safe-guards and protections of science? In a word, Mr. Brown, do you know what you are talking about? Pooh, pooh, Brown. Go somewhere and blush.

That's So.

There is much inquiry concerning the nativity of Jackal, the supposed murderer, some asserting that he is Japanese, others that he is from China. We have means of knowing, and can inform our readers that at the time he was on the sloop *Spray*, he was a Kroo.

A Winter Garden Plucking.

THE PRETTIEST LINE OF DRAMATIC BUSINESS.—Evangeline.

OUT OF A SITUATION.

MRS. COLUMBIA.—Well, Bridget, I guess we sha'n't want your services after next March.
BIDDY BUCHANAN.—An' shure thin will yez be afther giving me back me charackther?

A DICTIONARY FOR CONGRESSMEN.

We have Classical Dictionaries, Dictionaries of Science, Dictionaries of Art, Rhyming Dictionaries,—by which those who are not born Poets may achieve Poetry, or, rather, have Poetry thrust upon them,—Cyclopædias and Technologies wi hout number. It is, in fact, possible that, within the past few months, the American public has heard a good deal more about Dictionaries than it has really cared to. And yet it seems strange that, in a community where usually supply so quickly follows demand, and where opportunities for profitable enterprise are so seldom allowed to escape unnoticed, the evident need of a Dictionary for the Exclusive Use of Congressmen should so long have remained unheeded. We are not now considering the want of a compilation of Legislative Lore, or an Exposition of the Principles of Debate, or anything of that sort, however much all these may be required by the gentlemen who irregulate public affairs at Washington. These necessities are, at least in part, provided for by various extant publications. What we refer to, is the expediency of issuing a work which shall tend in some measure to remedy the defects of argument and oratory which are to a decided degree now apparent in our Congressional Proceedings. Such a work ought speedily to appear. Its title might aptly be as follows:

THE CONGRESSMAN'S GUIDE TO FAME;

OR,

THE TRUE VOCABULARY OF VITUPERATION.

PRESENTING,

IN A

CONCISE AND COLLECTED FORM,

The Most Approved and Effective Epithets and Denunciations

Known to the English Tongue.

By the careful study of this Work, the most inoffensive and innocuous Congressmen may speedily achieve a reputation for energy, manliness, vigor and courage which shall be equalled by none and excelled by few. Its plan is simple and may be understood by the most feeble-minded,—a fact which should secure its immediate adoption by the majority of members in both Houses.

It is perhaps true that this work is not absolutely essential during the present session of Congress, the members having shown a rare and unprecedented proficiency in the art which it would be its misson to bring to perfection. But it is true that even the existing method is susceptible of certain improvements, although Messrs. Davis and Gartrell may not be inclined to believe as much. Who knows what those ambitious gentlemen might not be able to do with the hand-book of Billingsgate always by them. How widely might their range of acrimony be extended! The work which we have suggested, and which can hardly fail to appear now that its want is pointed out, would be easily prepared. It need consist only of the extracts from the best dictionaries, with such infusions of a popular nature as may be deemed desirable. Of course it must be alphabetical. A good word to begin on would be Abolitionist. Every offensive term, however recondite, should be incorporated. A great point would be made by bringing some extraordinary and unheard of epithet to bear upon a member. "Aboddon" for example. We wonder how Mr. Sherman would feel to find himself pronounced "Aboddon" some fine day, by Mr. Keitt. We suspect, unless himself the proprietor of a copy of "The True Vocabulary," he would sing very small; especially when it should be made clear to him that he was not merely stigmatized as "a bad one,"—contracted by Mr. Keitt's rapid utterance into "a bad 'un,"—but was absolutely declared a resident of the Bottomless Pit, according to the authority of Revelations, a book with which Congressmen generally are probably not too familiar. It is difficult to measure the remarkable effects which might result from a judicious use of "The True Vocabulary." The advantages of alliteration would appear in their fullest force. Let us endeavor to set forth the manner of an excited and hot-headed member, full of wrath and "The True Vocabulary." How he would thunder out his ready-made rage:

"Mr. Speaker, I say to the gentleman that he is an Addle-pate. I say that he is an Abject and Aberrant Ass. I scorn him for an Acardiac and Acephalous Animal. I stand here, sir, and proclaim him, to the world, an Accipitrine Assassin—an Abdominus and Ambaginous Axe-grinder,—an Adder and an Anthropophaginian.

"Sir, I impugn no man. But I call upon the gentleman to deny my charges if he can, [And of course he can do nothing of the sort, unless he is the owner of a copy of "The True Vocabulary."—*Editorial note.*] and meet them like a man. Do we not know him for a Babbler,—for a Blasted, Blattering, Blustering, Brawling, Blower? But we do not fear his Barren Bravado. Why, sir, if he is n't a Baboon, what is he? I say, a Barnum's Baboon. His Beastly and Brutal Barbarities have been heard by all, as they came in words from his Blistered and Besotted Brain. A Butcher in his heart, and a Blackguard in his person, I denounce him as the Base Bellwether of his party.

"Mr. Speaker, I seek to injure no person's feelings. The gentleman knows the truth of this. He knows, too, that I view him as a Caliginous Calf, a Cringing Cur, and likewise a Cantankerous Cannibal. I know him to be a Caitiff, all through. I say to the gentleman that he is moreover a Cuss and a Coward."

The cheerfulness of this style of oratory would bring it into immediate favor. How far it is in advance of the method now most prevalent, we need not seek to show. Let us hope that by the dawning session, no member need ask in vain for his "Guide to Fame; or, True Vocabulary of Vituperation."

POPULAR POLITICS.

AIR.—*A Frog he would a-wooing go.*

Douglas would a-wooing go—
Heigho! said Samuel.
Douglas would a-wooing go,
Whether Columbia was willing or no,
With his flam me, cram me, gammon and speeches,
Heigho! cried avuncular Samuel.

So Douglas he put on his popular hat—
Heigho! said Samuel.
So Douglas he put on his popular hat,
But no one could tell what the deuce he was at,
With his flam me, cram me, gammon and speeches,
Heigho! cried avuncular Samuel.

Neither North nor South could make him speak—
Heigho! said Samuel.
Neither North nor South could make him speak;
'Cause why, he had his tongue in his cheek,
With his cram me, flam me, gammon and speeches,
Heigho! cried avuncular Samuel.

A Neat Thing in Jail Breaking.

Exploits of a Lunatic.—The Cleveland (Ohio) *Herald* says that a man named Wheedon, confined in the Northern Ohio Lunatic Asylum, has three times escaped from that institution despite the utmost precautions of the keepers, and by very extraordinary means. Knowing that he was intent on escaping, the officers stripped and searched him every night, to prevent his secreting any instruments. About two weeks ago he took a set of false teeth out of his mouth, and contrived to saw a hole with them through the floor of his chamber, through which he dropped and escaped from the house. Being captured and carried back, he a few days after secreted a pin, and with that insignificant instrument managed to pick the lock of his door and escape into the hall, where he was caught. On Saturday night he secreted a small brass ring, split at one part, in his hair, and with that during the night cut through the window-sash and shutter, so as to enable him to remove them from the window. He then made a rope of his bed clothes, and by its aid reached the ground, and got so far away that he was not overtaken till Sunday afternoon. He was very quiet when arrested, and made no resistance to being taken back.

We learn that this gifted individual, on Monday, by the means of a piece of twine, made a hole in a wrought-iron boiler-plate door and scaled the wall of the asylum by the aid of a common horn button. He was retaken, and last week pretended to fall sick, when, the vigilance of his custodians having somewhat relaxed, he made use of a blister which the humane physician of the establishment had ordered for his chest, to draw the rivets of his manacles, and opened a passage in a wall of solid masonry with a blue-pill.

Finnical.

The Richmond County *Gazette*, on the satisfactory subject of shad, remarks that "many of the fishermen have just tarred their nets "and sharpened their poles, preparatory to the season's fishing." Doubtless the gentle fish would not like to know that the fishermen are after them with a sharp stick. And, in this connection, did that popular expression arise among that hardy and patient race of men?

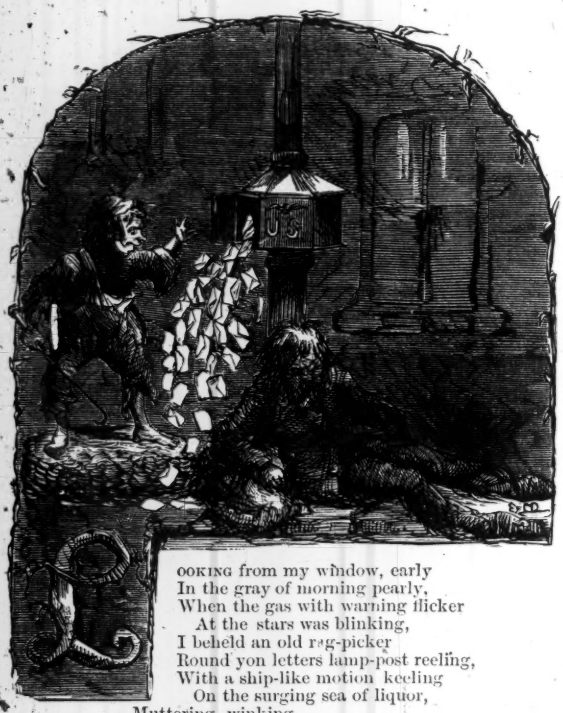
How Politicians May Preserve the Ship of State.

Drop their Cabals.

The Hobgoblins of Virginia.

"Brownies."

THE RHYME OF THE LAMP-POST LETTER-BOX.



OOKING from my window, early
In the gray of morning pearly,
When the gas with warning flicker
At the stars was blinking,
I beheld an old rag-picker
Round yon letters lamp-post reeling,
With a ship-like motion keeling
On the surging sea of liquor,
Muttering, winking,
Downward sinking
Slow;
Till Alcohol, the Conscience-Killer,
Against the foot of the gas-pillar
Laid him low.
Slept he there the heavy slumber
Drunken soul doth ever cumber,
When to him, behold! there came,
Issuing from an archway dreary,
A most lovely Five-Points Peri,
Small, but game.
Raking round the old rag-picker
Gently, with a slender stick or
Wand it went,
To detect or purse or "ticker"
Clearly bent.
But, ho! ho! the bare idea
Even brought from luckless me a
Laugh of scorn,
To think of that old weird *chiffonier*,
With golden watch and full *porte-monnaie*—
Hope forlorn!
But not so the elf-like urchin,
Who around went loping, lurching,
Hopeful yet,
Some rich boon by careful searching
Sure to get.
And, behold, while I am gazing,
He with practised hand is raising,
One by one, the rags amazing
Of the gray old beggarman,—
Then with tuneful voice began
La-lyring like a Cow Bay syren,
As from out their maze he took
A magic wand of cold blue iron
With a hook:
Handling which with touch artistic,
To the air of "Villikins,"
Incantation wild and mystic
He outspins;
And unto the iron casket,
Clamped around the lamp-post gray,
Reaching from the upset basket
Of the sleeping *chiffonier*,
At the keyhole toiled and twisted
With the magic wand,
Till before his flexile wrist it
Yielded bond;
And from out the sacred fetters
Fell a snow of virgin letters
To the ground,
Whitening *trottoir* flag and gutter
All around.
Then strove I "Police!" to utter
With a wild, spasmodic yell,
But my voice fell to a mutter,
Smothered by some demon spell;
While beneath the gas-lamp's flicker
Flashed the letters, thicker, thicker,
And the elf-boy caught them quicker
Than they fell.

Letters bitter, letters funny,
Sweetheart letters, bland as honey,
My two letters with my money,
And the one I worded so
With an early sprig of fuschia
To my charming Andalusia,
Posted scarce an hour ago!
All from out the sacred casket
Of the U. S. M. P. O.,
In a rag-man's reeking basket
To the filthy Five Points go!

O my readers! O my betters!
Own me as a man of letters,
For my theme;
Nor with me conceive a quarrel
If deficient in my moral
I may seem.
Happy I, if this appealing
From the picking and the stealing
Deprecated by most pastors,
Disregarded by post-masters.
I convey
This moral plain: that "better look" is
Honest rhyme for letter-boxes,
Night and day.

The Lost Arts.

Wendell Phillips has been lecturing before the Young Men's Christian Association on "The Lost Arts." There is one lost art which he neglected to mention in his lecture, *i.e.*, the lost art of humbugging the public.

Can't be Done.

It is really too much to expect that an Express Co. can forward inexpressibles.—This is probably why such articles are so frequently franked by M.C's.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

THE New-York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* devoted a paragraph in a late letter to "quite a red-peppery scene" at "the "regular weekly Society meeting of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's "church." Perusing it with that enthusiasm which the very name of the Pulpit Phenomenon enkindles in our perhaps too susceptible bosom, we gathered that the red-pepper was sprinkled from the spicy castor of Master Tilton, jester to the black wing of the Republican party. The shepherd of Plymouth was away from his flock—in Connecticut speaking for the Party—on the evening in question, and "telegraphed to his friend Tilton" "to take charge of, and preside at the meeting."

"Tilton did it, and a little more. He made a short preachment on his own account, and 'pitched into' his venerable pastor with all the vim of a thoroughly-trained spiritual boxer, hitting out and countering beautifully at H. W. B. for deserting the proper duties of his ministry for the purpose of making Republican speeches in Connecticut. My informant, a Brooklyn burgher, who lives in the immediate vicinity of the church, says the scene was particularly piquant, and may lead to some reply from the messenger of glad tidings that will serve to amuse the town for one of these raw March days. Mr. Beecher never shrinks from a fair hit at himself, and is a splendid worrier of other people. Let us patiently await the delights that are in store for us."

And shall we share the carnal cravings of this flippant correspondent? Shall we not rather regard this as one of the first and bitterest fruits of the project for a spiritual gymnasium in Brooklyn, of which due notice has already been given in these columns, and mourn this triumph of the "flesh" as sincerely as all good men have deplored the set-to of Messrs. Heenan and Sayers?

Ah and alas! the spirit is willing but our flesh is weak too. The old man riseth within us and getteth the better of our judgment and our sense of duty. It hankereth for the brethren to have it out. Let the fight be a fair one, the arena, of course, being Bully Beecher's church, scene of so many lively bouts. VANITY FAIR will have special artists and correspondents there, and report the affair in the most accurate and graphic style. If we acknowledge that the Bully is our favorite at long odds, it will be understood that we entertain no disrespect for the Tilton Slasher, who is a tough one with long reach and and great wind, nor do we bet on him because, as we learn from a work recently published and generally ascribed to a member of his family, the B. once pummeled and punished a man in the street, but simply because it seems to us that the Slasher has violated the rules of etiquette which should govern the Evangelical P. R., by getting in foul licks at the Bully, and by a foolish vaunting of his own powers when the B. was away. But as the Slasher will have fight, we can only relate the following anecdote to show what sort of a man he has got to deal with: Not long ago the Bully was charged by some of the buffers of the profession with infidelity. Words were exchanged which got warm. They at length closed on him and put in their maulers—with all their orthodox strength. The sports of the sound religious papers, including Mr. Bonner's *Ledger*, let fly at him, and the world was just ready to go its odds against the Bully, when he suddenly recovered wind and let 'em have his bundle of fives. It only took about three blows to lay the whole party out insensible. All through their consequent illness the Bully has provided them with ideas!

Still the Tilton Slasher is young and confident, and if he will submit himself to proper training the result may surprise his friends. We fear, however, that Plymouth, as it has ever been a church militant, will now be a church triumphant, but await the great mill with no other desire than that the "best man may win."

Interesting Literary Discovery.

The admirers of Shakespeare, of whom there are confessedly quite a number in this country, will be interested in the discovery of a manuscript letter written by him at the time of his connection with the *Globe*, to one of his fellow-managers. It is true that since the rise of that pyrotechnic playwright, Mr. Dion Boucicault, the fame of Shakespeare has been very much on the wane, to the great grief of Mr. Richard Grant White, who has the reputation of the Avon Bard in his exclusive keeping, and who has grown quite thin in consequence. Nevertheless, the document possesses some interest, as it throws a good deal of light on Shakespeare's method of producing his plays, his character for modesty, veracity, &c. Here it is:

MY DEAR SIR:—Here is another Tragedy—my last for this season. It was written this morning, and my fingers are a little stiff, as this makes the seventh I have written since dinner yesterday. This piece is a smasher—up to the handle. Rapidly as I have executed it, I am perfectly satisfied with it, as I am with everything I do. It will be found to be the most surpassing of any of my admirable works. It has no demerits whatever, and it is my happiest effort in every particular.

Yours, very truly, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A BURDEN UPON PUBLIC ATTENTION.

If somebody wishes to achieve a speedy fame, let him devise means for the suppression of Mr. Hyatt, formerly of New York, now of the Washington jail. No one will deny that Mr. Hyatt ought to be abated. About an ordinary nuisance there might be room for doubt; about him there can be none. Some weeks ago, in the Senate Chamber, he achieved an empty notoriety on the strength of knowing nothing, and refusing to tell it. On that occasion he was like the big bell of the City Hall—very noisy, yet containing nothing but a long tongue. By skilful management he succeeded in attaining incarceration, which was evidently the dearest object of his heart. But presently he began to be forgotten, which was not at all according to his programme. So the aid of friendly journalists was invoked, and, for a week or two, everybody has been pestered with Hyatt. If that were the worst, it would not be so bad. But the statement has been anthoritatively made, that he is "preparing a pamphlet containing his reasons for taking "the course he has; containing the debate upon his case, the argu-"ment of his counsel, and his comments and conclusions upon the "whole subject." This is taxing endurance too far. Imagine the climax of horrors. First, Hyatt's reasons, for the credulous who may accept the notion that Hyatt has reason; next the Senatorial debate; then the legal argument, and, finally—Ossa of insult on Pelion of injury—Hyatt's comments and conclusion, the last of which it is, at the same time, pleasant to know he has some idea of making at some period. There is, however, a consolation in the fact that nobody need be compelled to read this production, except the proof-reader, for whom we feel the liveliest compassion, and whose mind, we hope with some anxiety, may remain properly balanced. We shudder at the prospect of all this Hyatt. The Senators had better have done with him, and send him home. All that he knows will never do them or anybody any good; and, if they keep him, the responsibility of this impending literary nightmare will be theirs. It is said that Mr. Hyatt "has written to his "brother to conduct his affairs as though he were dead." This looks as if a long spell of Hyatt were inevitable. If his book must come, it should at least have an appropriate title. Suppose we suggest this:—

CHEAP MARTYRDOM;
Or,
THE EASIEST ROAD TO HEROISM.
By One who Accomplished Notoriety with the Smallest Capital on Record.

"WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY."

HERE AND THERE.

THAT retiring person, Mr. Dion Boucicault, has in the quietest manner possible snubbed Mr. Isaac V. Fowler, the stalwart Postmaster of this city. Mr. D. B. had occasion, previous to the production of his latest piece, "The Colleen Bawn," to write to Miss Laura Keene concerning the same. It was of course impossible for D. B. to communicate personally with that gifted lady, as the journey from Fifteenth-street to the Théâtre de L. K. is not alone tedious and fatiguing, but perilous; consequently D. B. is forced to communicate in writing. But he is evidently skeptical as to the trustworthiness of the new letter-boxes, and equally incredulous as to the ordinary postal conveyance. He therefore adopts the novel method of publishing his letter in the daily papers, taking for granted that the gifted lady in question carefully peruses the advertising columns of the journals every morning. If this extraordinary method of correspondence becomes the fashion, our leading dailies will find themselves overrun with a new species of advertising. Mrs. Jones of Twenty-second-street will present her compliments in the *Herald* to Mr. Lacy Alley of the Brevoort House, and request the pleasure of his company at a *thè dansante*, on—etc. Briggs will write to Jobson, "Dear Ned, I am deuced hard-up, can you lend me five dollars?" and the modest request for the slender loan will appear in the "Personal" of the *Times*. Hostile missives will be probably ventilated in the columns of the *Tribune* (that sheet being of a notoriously belligerent character) which system will possess the advantage of simplifying the duello by giving that warning to the police which is generally so ardently desired by both the combatants. On the whole, I think that D. B.'s idea is a good one, and, although rather a silent slur on Postmaster Fowler's administrative qualities, is rather a good innovation on the present somewhat uncertain system of epistolary communication.

I went, of course, to see the "Colleen Bawn;" The Colleen Bawn—which means in English "fair girl"—is played by Mrs. Boucicault, who is dark. "The Colleen Ruadh"—which means "red-haired girl"—is played by Miss Laura Keene, whose luxuriant *chevelure* is blonde; so that you can see everybody is perfectly suited.

Mr. Dion Boucicault said in his letter, before alluded to, that he is an Irishman, consequently, as may be expected, the play is so full of the national blunder, that I felt while witnessing it, as if I was at a bull-fight. Miss Laura Keene declares in one part that at some early period of her life she was a "little bit of a gossoon." In Irish, "gossoon" means boy. Is Miss Laura Keene going to set up as a rival for Zoyara? Or are we going to have a new edition of Ovid's metamorphoses? L. K. is so good in her character of the Bride of Garryowen that I should be very sorry indeed if she was in any way qualified to be a bridegroom.

The play itself is full of good and amusing things. Indeed, that celebrated dramatic brigand, Don Charles de Moor Massaroni Boucicault, seldom serves up a theatrical repast that is scant of good victuals. If he cuts French purses he certainly spends the surreptitiously acquired coin to advantage. He invests other people's brains better than any man I know. On this occasion he has forsaken Gallic highways, and taken to the "Boreens" of Ireland. For the benefit of my readers I will explain that "Boreen" means small road. D. B. in his marauding expeditions encountered one Gerald Griffin. Of course he instantly put a pistol to his head and called on G. G. to stand and deliver. The author of "Gisippus" stood and delivered "The Collegians," and on this charming Celtic novel D. B. instantly constructed the drama of "The Colleen Bawn," in, as he himself says, five days.

Well, for a five-days' drama the thing is good. I remember that, in his preface to the London edition of the "London Assurance," D. B. took occasion to inform the public that he wrote it in thirty days. But it seems that he is improving in speed. If he goes on at this rate he will become perfectly irrepressible, and Miss Laura Keene will be obliged to give three performances a day in order to accommodate the fecund dramatist.

In "The Colleen Bawn" Mr. Boucicault himself evinces a considerable talent for Irish characterization. He makes the mistake usual with men in a fresh field, of not always remembering his dramatic personality, and consequently speaks alternately with and without the brogue. It is a curious hodge-podge of the Lion and the Shamrock. Nevertheless it is on the whole an exceedingly clever performance. Miss Laura Keene plays the part of an Irish lady of good birth, and either does not know or has forgotten, that well-educated Irish ladies do not speak in the same dialect as the peasantry. Mrs. Boucicault played and sang with that subdued sweetness for which every theatre-goer must love her; and her rendering of one or two of the little Irish songs with which the piece is sprinkled was inexpressibly touching. Mr. Burnett's performance of an Irish lawyer was excellent.

D. B. I observe is tending to nationality in the Drama. We have had English, French and Scotch plays from his pen, and now a Celtic one. Of course he will top off with an American drama. What celebrated American author will he take in tow, I wonder? I would respectfully beg leave to direct his attention to Sylvanus Cobb.

Signed,

Standard Household Words.

Pshaw! Stop your noise! I'll box your ears! Hold your tongue! Shut up this minute! Let me be! Go away! Get out! Behave yourself! I won't! You shall! Never mind! You'll catch it! Don't bother! Come here directly! Put away those things! You'll kill yourself! I don't care! They're mine! Mind your own business! I'll tell my Ma! Your mean thing! There! I told you so! You did n't! You did! I will have it! O! see what you've done! 'T was you! Won't you get it, though! It's my house! Whose afraid of you! Mbah! h-h-h! Boo hoo! Boo! oo! oo! oo! What's the matter? Clear out of this room directly! Do you hear me? Right away! Dear me! It's enough to set one crazy! I never did see in all my born days! Would you put a tuck in it? Well, says I! says he! says she! says they! Bless me! No! Hem it all the way round! Three flounces! Gored! Pompadour! Worked crosswise! Lord & Taylor's! Trimmed with velvet! Ten yards! Cut bias! Real sweet! And one or two more!

Music Received at the Vanity Fair Office

"Is she happy." Ballad of great interest by Hon. Major Fitzroy. — Also, the answer, by the same author, entitled "I should think so, for I've paid all her bills, given her nine new dresses, a hatful of jewelry, a little dog, a box at the Academy, a cheque for five hundred dollars, and notice that I'm going into the country, so that she can do whatever she likes for a fortnight." A charming Air.

Notice.

Persons having business of importance to transact at the Mayor's Office are informed that his Honor will "drop in" there for ten or fifteen minutes, when he next passes through the city.

An Explanation.

It is now well known that George Law's Gridiron Bill was never seriously intended. G. L., from his tendency to practical joking, is called "Live Hoax George," and the movement in question was only a bit of his Raillery.

Which of the Champions in the international fight is sure to prove the man of the most metal? He who wins the "tin," to be sure, stupid!

Mozart's Wandering Minstrel.

Fernando Wood.

The Knack of Drinking.

Cognac.

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"Fire-eyed Arab of the desert!
In your being's daily need
Are you made the only lover
Of the glorious, gallant steed!
Do *you* only prize his fleetness
Lightning-like along the plain—
There rejoicing in the tempest
Of his widely-streaming mane?

No!—behold the eager millions
Of our own majestic race
To this miracle of BONHEUR
Giving, in their household, place!
No!—the Anglo-Saxon's spirit
Loves the charger strong and brave,
Strides him with a steel-armed triumph,
As the steamship strides the wave?

Millions! gaze upon the picture:
Nature will enrich the eye:
Lo! the mighty Norman charger
Rearing in his pride on high.
He has right to be exualtant—
Splendid son of splendid sire,
Who of old bore Lion-Richard
Storming through the battle-fire!"

. . . . . .

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SAMBO.—I'se feared I must, Missus, dat ar Massa Perry takes de shine out of dis chile, sure. I golly! don't dem boots of yourn glisten! It only took a minute to put dat ar Japanese Polish on em wid a sponge, and my old elbow has been going hard for de last half hour wid dis ere paste blacking, but I can't bring out no such gloss as dat ar, no how—I shall hab to gub em up beat, dat's a fact.

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